

# Auditorium

## Barbara Morgenstern

The way I feel sometimes it's too hard to sit still  
Things are so passionate, times are so real  
Sometimes I try an chill mellow down blowin' smoke  
Smile on my face but it's really no joke  
You feel it in the streets, the people breathe without hope  
They goin' through the motion, they dimmin' down, they focus  
The focus gettin' clear and the light turn sharp  
And the eyes go teary, the mind grow weary  
I speak it so clearly, sometimes ya don't hear me  
I push it past the bass, no nations gotta feel me  
I feel it in my bones, black, I'm so wide awake  
That I hardly ever sleep, my flows forever deep  
And it's volumes or scriptures when I breath on a beat  
My presence speak volumes before I say a word  
I'm everywhere, penthouse, pavement and curb  
Cradle to the grave, talk'll lead you on a shell  
Universal ghetto life holla black, you know it well  
Quiet storm, vital form pen pushed it right across  
Mind is a vital force, high level right across  
Shoulders the lions raw voice is the siren  
I swing round, ring out and bring down the tyrant  
Shocked, a small act could knock a giant lopsided  
The world is so dangerous, there's no need for fightin'  
Suttins tryna hide like the struggle won't find 'em  
And the sun bust through the clouds to clearly remind him  
Everywhere, penthouse, pavement and curb  
Cradle to the grave, talk'll lead you on a shell  
Universal ghetto life holla black, you know it well  
What it is? You know, they know  
What it is? We know, y'all know  
What it is? Ecstatic, there it is  
What it is? You know, we know  
What it is? They know, y'all know  
What it is? You don't know? Here it is  
What it is? You know, we know  
  
What it is? They know, y'all know  
What it is? You don't know? Here it is  
Sit and come, relax, riddle off the mac, it's the patch

I'm a soldier in the middle of Iraq  
Well, say about noonish commin' out the whip  
And lookin' at me curious, a young Iraqi kid  
Carrying laundry, what's wrong G, hungry?  
No, gimme oil or get fuck out my country  
And in Arabian barkin' other stuff  
Till his moms come grab him and they walk off in a rush  
[Incomprehensible] I'm like surely hope that we can fix our differences soon  
White apples, I'm breakin' on  
You take everything, why not just take the damn food like  
I don't understand it, on another planet?  
Fifty one of this stuff, how I'm gonna manage?  
And increasing the sentiment, gentlemen  
Gettin' down on that middle eastern instruments  
Realized trappin' is crap  
Walk over kicked one of my fabulous raps  
Arab [Incomprehensible] they well wished they glad wrapped  
Now the kid considered like an Elvis of Baghdad  
What it is?  
What it is?  
What it is? You know, they know  
What it is? We know, y'all know  
What is is? Ecstatic, there it is  
What it is? You know, we know  
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